

# WHERE MR. BRYAN AND COLONEL WETMORE WILL PURSUE THE MUSCALLONGE



The Wisconsin Summer Home of Colonel M. C. Wetmore, Where He Is Entertaining Mr. Bryan and a Party of His Friends.

## WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

In one of the prettiest spots in all Wisconsin, Colonel M. C. Wetmore of St. Louis is just now the host of a party of nearly a dozen of the best known Democrats in the United States. The scene of the distinguished gathering is at Minocqua, in Vilas County, on the shores of Lake Kewaukeeshauke, and the guest of honor is Colonel William Jennings Bryan. Others of the party are Senator James K. Jones, chairman of the Democratic National Committee; J. J. Hogan, a prominent Wisconsin Democrat who, refusing to support Bryan and the Chicago platform in 1896 and going instead to the support of the Palmer-Buckner ticket, is now an enthusiastic supporter of Colonel Bryan. It was expected that former Governor William J. Stone would join the party within a few days after its arrival at Minocqua.

Of those with the party, or who are expected to join it later, Colonel Bryan is considered certain to be the presidential nominee of the Democratic Convention at Kansas City three weeks hence; Chairman Jones, by virtue of his position at the head of the Executive Committee of the party, is considered a valuable counselor; Mr. Hogan, as a prominent representative of that section of the Democratic party which four years ago refused to support Mr. Bryan, but has now declared for him, is recognized as a man whose suggestions would have a great deal of weight in an important conference; and the position occupied by Colonel Wetmore and former Governor Stone in the party is too well known to necessitate a recital.

While all of these gentlemen are prominent in politics, Colonel Wetmore stated, just before he left, that the trip was not a political one in any sense. He declared that while most of the gentlemen were more or less prominent in politics, the trip was one of pleasure and recreation. He denied the report, which has been prevalent in the East, that the trip was planned for the purpose of discussing and perhaps settling upon the vice presidential candidate, in so far as possible, and said the party was organized solely for fishing for muscallonge in the lakes about Minocqua.

"We will discuss politics, of course," said Colonel Wetmore. "What party of men that could be got together and kept together for twenty-four hours would not discuss politics in a presidential year? But I assure you that politics will be only an incident. Discussions of it will be casual; there will be nothing formal in them. The purpose of the trip is far from being a desire to settle the vice presidential or any other political question. We are going there to fish and rest, and enjoy ourselves, and we expect to put in some ten days in that way."

The Colonel looked thoughtfully away, and continued:

"Who wants to talk politics when muscallonge are biting? Who wants to plan a political campaign when he can spend his time thinking out a way in which a thirty-pound 'water wolf' can be taken? Who wants to think of the heat and worry and noise and exhaustion of a presidential campaign when he can lie on his back and look

up into the trees and feel in his nostrils the delightful Wisconsin air that comes filtering through the pine forests, rich with its perfume, and washed and cooled by the broad, beautiful lakes over which it passes?"

## Minocqua, the Scene of the Gathering.

Minocqua, which is the scene of this gathering of prominent men, is Colonel Wetmore's lodge, in a forest of huge pine trees on the west shore of Lake Kewaukeeshauke.

There is a branch line of the Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad running to within fifty feet of the Colonel's lodge, and 100 feet away lies the lake, shimmering blue in the sunshine. Colonel Wetmore claims the right of an explorer in this section. When he first went there, twelve years ago, the section was inhabited only by lumbermen, Indians and wild animals. A small two-room log cabin was the only sign of man anywhere around, and this was the home of an old lumberman and his family. Colonel Wetmore was impressed

with the beauty of the place, and bought it. The tract of land that he got with it consists of 100 acres, and commands almost the whole water front of Lake Kewaukeeshauke. Mr. A. H. Darrow of Chicago joined him in the purchase, and together they became lords of that part of the great primeval forest. For four years the little log cabin was made to do duty for the new owners, and then a larger house was built. It is of frame, two stories high, has fourteen rooms, and was built as an addition to the edge of the lake, and a flag pole, to which was attached the Stars and Stripes was erected off to the left; and Colonel Wetmore's lodge was complete. Since then he has been making yearly visits to the place. Mr. Darrow also built a lodge nearby.

It is doubtful if there are more delightful fishing grounds anywhere in the world than in the lake-dotted regions of Wisconsin. There are a thousand or more of these lakes, great and small, each of them hemmed in by huge pine trees that rise almost from the water's edge. C. S. Thompson, writing in *Outing* for June, thus describes a lake that is very much like Kewaukeeshauke:

"The shores rise with a gentle slope to a more than usual height, and are mantled with conifers of extra grace and symmetry. The crowns of the pines form a canopy, through the feathery arches of which the summer sunbeams glint on the trembling needles, glid the stately columns and flicker on the fern-covered ground. In every direction stretch leafy tunnels of soft green light, affording an acceptable rest to the eye of the angler weary of the shimmer of the sun-stricken waters. A silvery beck, fresh from forest streams, murmurs a lullaby as it forces its way by moss-grown rocks and over decayed vegetation. Pouring forth in rapid descent, it buffers the lake, pushing its waters back for a space, and merging into the body beautiful, leaves only a few scattered flakes to tell the story."

## The Art of Fishing for Muscallonge.

It is an ideal throne for the Summer Queen—and the fishing is something grand. There are all kinds of fish in the lakes, but only one kind—the muscallonge, nicknamed the "water wolf," because of its habit of devouring every other fish that comes its way—is the one most sought. When one does not feel like calling this kind of fish a "water wolf" by either its full name or its compound nickname, he calls it a "musk" or a "lunge," but by whatever name called it is a fish worth fishing for. The angler for muscallonge goes forth in a canoe, with a native guide, a strong line, a stout rod and a good reel. All are necessary. The tempting spoon is trailed along the surface of the water, and dangerous chances must be taken with logs and floating brush to get into the muscallonge's territory. When the fish strikes, the angler knows it. There is a swift whizzing of the reel as the line pays out behind the fish, which has darted for the bottom of the lake with his supposed prey. But soon the line pulls, and he

knows he is hooked. He comes back to the surface, with a swish, and springs high into the air, shaking his huge head in an effort to rid himself of the goading hook. Then he dashes away again, and the reel sings a merry tune as the line runs out after him. Suddenly the captive turns, and his sharp fins cutting a foamy path through the surface of the water, darts back toward the boat. Without warning, he dives again, almost to the bottom of the lake, where he darts this way and that, struggling at the stinging thing in his mouth. When these tactics fail, he shoots back to the surface, fleeing with the speed of an express train and turning with such rapidity that it must be an agile and a strong-armed angler who can hold him. For an hour he darts and dives, plunges and turns, his angry tail beating the water into foam, as he shoots across the surface or leaps into the air. Then his strength fails, and he allows himself to be drawn toward the boat. But the angler must be careful. Perhaps a moment of nonresistance may re-

store the strength of this lord of the lake, and ere he can be drawn to the net he is darting away again. Woe to the line that it too taut; or the reel that does not run; for the muscallonge will snap it as though it were but a thread of cotton and escape—to starve to death, perhaps, but never to seize a hook again. If all is well with the fisherman and his tackle, however, and the fish is tired out, it is but the work of an instant to shoot him or gig him, and then lift him into the canoe. It would never do to try to land him in a net, for there is not a hand net made that a "lunge" can't render useless with a switch of his tail. It is quite a trick to catch a good game muscallonge, and it is a hardened sportsman who will not care for a rest as soon as he has landed one.

## Colonel Bryan's Chance to Show His Angling Skill.

It is this kind of fishing that Colonel Bryan and his fellow guests are looking forward to. Colonel Wetmore will not ven-

ture a statement as to the kind of fish that Colonel Bryan is, when it comes to muscallonge, but he states that the Colonel will never have a better chance to show his skill in that art. As to his own abilities as a "lunge fisherman," Colonel Wetmore is modestly dumb.

Minocqua is not removed from civilization. There is a telegraph station within a stone's throw of the lodge, and telephone connect it with its fellow-settlements. The lodge is a comfortable place, as well as a picturesque one. If the fishing in Lake Kewaukeeshauke should happen not to be all that is desired—a contingency which Colonel Wetmore had not the least fear of—there are other lakes close by which can be easily reached. Among them are Big Tomahawk, Squaw and Trout, which were never known to fall the fisherman. It is comparatively easy to get from one of these lakes to another now, as there are conveniences in the way of wagons and horses to pull them. But when Colonel Wetmore and Mr. Darrow first began going to Kewaukeeshauke, there were none of these conveniences. If they wanted to change lakes, they had to drag their canoes out, shoulder them, and tramp the distance. There is game in abundance in this region, but Colonel Wetmore's party does not expect to do any hunting. It is not the season for good game there; and, besides, there is plenty of fish to be had in trolling for muscallonge.

Minocqua is some 80 miles northeast of Chicago, and the trip consumes a night and a good part of a day, for trains do not make Empire Express time through the woods up there, and they do much stopping at resorts at this season. Colonel Wetmore left here Tuesday evening, accompanied by Miss Ruth Bryan and Miss Hazel Thompson, the latter of St. Louis, and was joined at Chicago by Colonel and Mrs. Bryan and their children. Mr. Justin J. Wetmore and family and others of the party. Mr. and Mrs. Darrow, with Mrs. T. G. Thompson and Mrs. H. M. Hardesty of St. Louis, had gone on ahead and were there to receive the party of distinguished guests which reached Minocqua about noon Thursday. It is expected that the party will remain at Minocqua about ten days.

## An Egyptian Stern Wheeler.

From Chambers's Journal.  
An Egyptian stern wheeler is built to float over the shoals and rapids of the Nile. There is no going down long slippery ladders to her engine room, for she has no hold, everything being carried above water line—cabins, stores and engines; indeed, the steam cylinders lie exposed on one either side, and a little forward of the very primitive-looking stern paddle wheel, which looks more as if it belonged to some agricultural implement than a steamship. The reason for this is that, although nearly a hundred feet long, she only draws about one foot nine inches of water, consequently she has no downstair. Probably those engaged in the engine-rooms of some of the great liners which ply to the Far East would be only too glad if, when going through the Red Sea, they could bring their engine-room on deck, too, instead of seething below in a temperature which sometimes exceeds 130 degrees! What wonder they at such times faint away, and are brought up and laid on deck, where they are brought round roughly but effectively by the free application of pails of water drawn from the hold sea!



MISS LULU E. SWAINE.

Or No. 223 Maple Avenue, Who Has Gone to Study Vocal Music in London.



MISS KATHERINE BRADBURY.

One of the Pretty Principals at Delmar Garden.